

LINCOLN COURIER.

"THE PUBLIC GOOD SHOULD EVER BE PREFERRED TO PRIVATE ADVANTAGE."

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BENEVOLENCE OF ABSALOM BESS.

"A benevolent man was Absalom Bess— At each and every tale of distress He blazed right up like a rocket, He felt for all beneath poverty's smart, Who were fated to bear life's rough 'st part, He felt for them in his inmost heart, But never felt in his pocket. Oh an excellent man was Absalom Bess, And the world threw up its hands to bless, Whenever his name was mentioned; But he died one day, he died, and oh! He went right down to the shades below, Where all are bound, I'm afraid, to go, Who are only good intentioned."

A Good Story.

There lived lately in one of the mountainous counties in Western Virginia many Dutchmen, and among them, one named Henry Snyder, and there were likewise two brothers, called George and Jake Fulwider—they were all rich and each owned a mill. Henry Snyder was subject to fits of derangement, but they were not of such a nature as to render him disagreeable to any one. He merely conceived himself to be Supreme Ruler of the Universe, and, while under the infatuation, had himself a throne built, on which he sat to try the cause of all who offended him; and passed them off to heaven or hell, as his humor prompted—he personating both Judge and culprit.

It happened one day that some difficulty occurred between Henry Snyder and the Fulwidars, on account of their mill; when to be announced, Henry Snyder took along with him a book in which he recorded his judgments, and mounted his throne to try their cause. He was heard to pass the following judgment.

Having prepared himself, (acting as judge yet responding for the accused,) he called George Fulwider.

"Shorge Fulwider, stand up. What hash you been doing in dis lower world?"

"Ah, lort, I does not know."

"Well, Shorge Fulwider, has't you got a mill?"

"Yes, lort, I hash."

"Well, Shorge Fulwider, didn't you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, lort, I hash—when der water was low, and mine stones wash dull, I take a leetle too much toll."

"Well den, Shorge Fulwider, you must go to der left, mid der goats."

"Well, Shake Fulwider, now you stand up. What you been doing in dis lower world?"

[The trial proceeded throughout precisely like the former, and with the same result.]

"Now I tries myself. Henry Snyder, stand up. What hash you been doing in dis lower world?"

"Ah! lort, I does not know."

"Well, Henry Snyder, has't you got a mill?"

"Yes, lort, I hash."

"Well, Henry Snyder, didn't you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, lort, I hash—when der water wash low, and mine stones wash dull, I hash taken a leetle too much toll."

"But, Henry Snyder, vas did you do mid der toll?"

"Ah! lort, I gives it to the poor."

(Pausing.) "Well, Henry Snyder, you must go to der right mid der sheep; but it is a tam tigt squeeze!"

Old Men.—There are living, on Spring Creek, in this county, perhaps two of the "oldest inhabitants" in our country. Mr. Wm. Woody is 111 years old, and can now "wade and split water like a coon," wading every branch and creek that happens to cross his path; is in good health and of a sound mind.

Mr. M. Davis, his close neighbor, is 103 years old, and we unde stand is also in good health and spirits. The former is 30 years beyond the septuagenarian allotment, viz: "four score years;" the latter, 23. Unto their progeny, and they could nearly peopple a new country, having "a long string" of sons, daughters, and relatives. We trust they may yet live many years, before they are gathered to their fathers.

Asheville Messenger.

WOOD wanted at this office.

From the Asheville Messenger. LETTER FROM BISHOP IVES. To the Diocese of North Carolina.

DEAR BRETHREN:—With devout thank-ness to God, I have just read the recommendation by the President of the United States, of the 1st Friday in August next, "as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer," that God may have mercy on us sinners, and in his own good time, avert from us the scourge of Pestilence, which is now spreading its fearful ravages throughout our land.

As Bishop of North Carolina, I hereby call upon the Clergy and Christians of my Diocese, to respond to this recommendation of our Chief Magistrate: To abstain on the first Friday in August next, from all regular business, to employ the day in private self-examination and humiliation for sin, and in public acknowledgement, in our several churches, of God's undeserved goodness—of "His patience with us, notwithstanding our many great provocations," and in earnest supplication, that in mercy He will turn from us the awful calamity under which we so justly suffer.

Faithfully and affectionately, Your servant in Christ, L. SILLIMAN IVES. July 12, 1849.

The following prayer is hereby appointed to be said in the Episcopal churches of North Carolina, on the first Friday in August 1849 immediately before the general thanksgiving in the morning and evening prayer.

O! Almighty God! the Lord of life and death, of sickness and health, regard, we humbly beseech thee, the supplications of thy church to-day; and as thou hast seen fit to visit us as a nation for our sins, with great sickness and mortality, in the midst of thy judgment, O Lord, remember mercy.—Have pity upon us miserable sinners, and withdraw from us which who have justice has afflicted us; may this thy Fatherly correction, make us feel and acknowledge the malignity of our sin, and the uncertainty of our life; and may it lead us to repent and forsake every evil way; and to be diligent in the attainment of that holiness, without which no man can see thy face in peace.—Grant this, O heavenly Father, through our only advocate and redeemer, Jesus Christ.

Woman and her Admirers.

We find the following articles in the Ladies' Department of the Portland Transcript for which paper it was selected by a lady from the columns of the Boston Journal. In looking over our exchange papers, we have frequent cause to admire the complacency of the editorial corps, generally, in tendering their good advice and affectionate regards to the ladies, and have been tempted, on some occasions, to let the gentlemen know how sincerely and how acutely we appreciate their benevolent intentions. This we may yet do at our leisure; while, for the present, we comment the annexed little sketch to the "careful reading" of all such husbands as expect when you go home to be patted and petted out of a passion or an ill-humor, which they have imbibed abroad in their contracts with competitors in business, or with adversaries in politics.

"One would think, dear Editor, that we women were something more than minor considerations in this world of ours, by the time and talent that is expended for our improvement. Every newspaper, pamphlet and magazine, is teeming with 'Advice to Wives.'—'Hints to Mothers,'—'Whispers to Brides,'—'A daughter's influence,' &c., &c.—Now, would it not be well for some benevolent genius to turn his attention to the sterner sex? Let us, just for variety, have a chapter of Advice to Husbands!—Hints to Fathers!—Whispers to Newly made Benefactors!"

"We are preached to, talked to, written to—here a little and there a good deal. We are exhorted to be submissive, soberminded, patient, long suffering, enduring all things. We are expected to equal Moses in meekness, Job in patience, Solomon in wisdom, David in goodness, and Samson in strength; we are to meet our husbands with an everlasting smile; we are to take away his burdens; soothe his troubled spirit; no matter if our own shoulders are overladen with our own tasks, no matter if our spirits are weary; the words cross and dash are the husband's special prerogative.

If Mr. Surly comes home in the minks, a ft of the pouts is denied his

poor wife. He may kick the dog, box Junno's ears, snap at Mrs. Surly herself, yet she is expected to keep calm, and pour oil on the troubled waters. If there was a "better" and a "worse" stipulated for in the marriage contract, she must remember that her husband expects to monopolize the better, while the worse is to fall to her share.

"There is Mr. Fairface, Mr. Editor, I wonder if you have ever seen him? One of the smoothest, politest, most agreeable men in the world; has a smile for everybody; a travelling streak of sunshine in Mr. Fairface!—only see him as he is going home!—how graceful he bends to this and that fair lady of his acquaintance, but see him as he nears his own door;—the smile turns to a sneer, his face elongates, blackness gathers upon his brow, and by the time he lifts his door-latch you would hardly believe him the same man. Enter the little back parlor! There sits Mrs. Fairface, with a half a dozen Fairfaces around her. Willie wants a new string to his kite. Sarah's pantalette is torn off, Jack's face is daubed with apple pie; must be washed. Mary is out of temper, and must be punished; and little Minnie, the youngest Fairface, is worrying in her mother's lap, experiencing the untold agonies of teeth cutting.

"Poor woman! who will say that her task is an easy one—to curb the headstrong, rouse the stupid, lend courage to the timid; and blend all these different spirits into universal harmony? Does she not deserve a kind and encouraging word from her husband; but does she always receive it? No; there are too many men, who, like Mr. Fairface, give their sunshine to the world, and reserve the cloud for their own hearthstones.

"I do not object to the many things that are said and written to have women learn her duty, and do it. I would have her always gentle and kind; I would have her honor and respect her husband; but I would have him respect her husband; but I would have him appreciate, in some degree, the affectionate care which she bestows on him and gentle to her.

Be gentle! for ye little know How many trials rise, Although to thee they may be small, To her of giant size.

Be gentle! though perchance that lip, May speak a murmuring tone, The heart may beat with kindness yet, And joy to be thine own.

Be gentle! weary hours of pain 'Tis woman's lot to bear; Then yield her what support thou caost, And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle! for the noblest hearts, At times may have some grief; And even in a pettish word, May seek to find relief.

Be gentle! for unkindness now May rouse an angry storm; That all the after years of life In vain may strive to calm.

Be gentle! none are perfect,— Thou'rt dearer far than life! Then, husband, hear and still forbear,— Be gentle to thy wife.

"Woman's life is made up of petty trials, more wearying than heavy sorrows. I acknowledge that too many girls of the present day are totally unfit for the responsible station they are to occupy; that of wife and mother.—But if a man has rushed heedlessly into matrimony, without examining critically the character and habits of the lady of his choice, to see if she will be a useful as well as a companionable wife, then I say, let him bear patiently with her folly and ignorance.

"Woman is just what man makes her. Show her that you admire usefulness more than tinsel; that you wish for a companion instead of a plaything, that you esteem beauty of the mind more than personal beauty, and take my word for it, she will so educate herself as to be worthy your respect and affection.

Mrs. Swett Convicted.—Great excitement has been stirred up, at Portland, Maine, by the trial of Mrs. Caroline M. Swett, for a misdemeanor, in breaking the windows, bottles, glasses, &c., &c., of one Cole, the keeper of a drinking shop in that ancient city. Mrs. Swett, it appears is so unfortunate as to be the wife of a man who has become the slave of strong drink; we infer that his circumstances are good, and his position in life desirable, at trial he was spoken of as riding about in his carriage. Mrs. Swett followed him about, even far into the night, also in a carriage; he seeking to escape her remonstrances, she fearing that he would commit suicide, or meet with some fatal ac-

cident, while liquor robbed him of his senses.

Mrs. Swett had often implored Cole not to let her husband have drunk at his shop; but it appears that on one day of the drinking she found Mr. Swett, after long search, in the shop, with a glass of liquor in his hand. Ordering him out of the shop, she proceeded to make havoc among the crockery, of which she broke to the amount, perhaps (including liquors in the decanters and bottles) of a hundred dollars.

The defence attempted was insanity, but though the public sympathies were universally in her favor, the jury could not believe that she was actually out of her mind. They had to find her guilty, but added a written request that a lenient sentence might be pronounced.

Manufactures at the South.—The N. York Star says—Capitalists are gradually withdrawing a part of their investments from agriculture, and commencing manufactures at the South.

The stocks for building cotton and woolen mills, are soon filled, and female operatives from Lowell, of experience are invited, by high wages, to instruct Southern girls in the art and mystery of fancy spinning; and they are also laying the foundation for educating the poor girls at the South, who never, until now, had the prospect of rearing anything from practical industry. The experiment is a great and profitable one, and will go on, from article to article, until the South will supply the market with cotton goods, ironware, and every article of domestic consumption. As we see the South is to white labor, yet finding it difficult to unite white and black labor in mills, the slaves, released from the field, will be placed in the forges and steam planing mills, and in various out-door labor. The North has fairly roused up the South to a consideration of her resources, and the surest means of its development; but the reaction, while it will establish industrial pursuits in the South, will deprive it never be able effectually to throw off all dependence on Yankee industry. If they refuse to buy anything down East, the Yankees will go South to do their manufacturing for them. If they will sail their own vessels, the Yankees will navigate them, and, if necessary, to build them—they do not care whether they are paid in cotton, at Boston, for their labor, or in coin, at South Carolina. Still it is a revolution injurious to the East, and beneficial to the South, brought on by an uncalled for interference with Southern rights and Southern institutions.

Eloquent Letter from Father Mathew.—The Mayor of New York has received a letter from Father Mathew, in which, after returning his grateful thanks for the kind reception given him by the city authorities, he says:

From the moment I caught the first glimpse of American land, every incident has awakened renewed pleasure and delight. I have gazed with rapture on the bold outline of your coast, and have admired the beautiful scenery of your noble Bay, unrivaled for its maritime capabilities and designed by Nature as the great entrepot of Trade and of commerce of the Western World.

I have seen your majestic River dotted with richly freighted vessels bearing the teeming produce of your luxuriant soil to far distant Nations; and oh, Sir! I could not look on those winged messengers of Peace and Plenty, without associating with them the magnanimous bounty of a brave People to an afflicted Nation.

I have visited your busy warehouses, your thronged streets and bustling thoroughfares, and have been forcibly struck with these external evidences of mercantile greatness and prosperity which shadow forth the high commercial destiny that yet awaits your already glorious Republic. I have seen in them comfort and abundance enjoyed by all—in the total absence of squalid Poverty, and in the liberal remuneration which sways honest Toil, proofs of prosperity which contrast strikingly with scenes that have often harrowed my soul in that poor Old Country which, trodden down and oppressed as she is, is still the land of my birth and of my affections. I have visited your God-like institutions, upheld with a munificence worthy of your mighty Republic, in which you imitate at an humble distance the mercy of the Redeemer, making the 'Blind to see, the Dumb to speak.' I have minutely inspected their internal arrangements, and witnessed with intense satisfaction, the philanthropic system and the absence of all religious exclusion, on which those Asylums, sacred to humanity, are based and conducted.

Letter from J. Ferguson, Esq. CONCLUDED.

There are many men here now, in a state of de paration, brought down to poverty and want by suffering themselves to engage in the wild and desperate games of chance.

I think the government of New Grenada affords no law, in opposition to gambling. The following games are publicly practiced; where all are made welcome to take share in—on Sunday as well as any other day—viz: two billiard tables, two or three wheels of fortune, many dice tables, cards, and other tables of gaming, that I have not learned the names of, also cock fighting, breaking of oxen, by fastening a long cord round the horns, and a half dozen men holding at 50 yards distance, while others pour spirits turpentine in the ox's rear, to put him in a state of mad distraction, while many others are, each endeavoring to dispay the greatest activity by running forward with blankets, in front of the ox's horns.

Some public meetings have been held by the emigrants to raise contributions for the relief of the sick and destitute. Five men a few days since were crossing the Isthmus; they stopped and put up their tent; one man with it; the others took their guns and went hunting for game; when they returned they found the man in the tent diked desperately, and beaten so that he was entirely senseless of anything. They have carried him into the city, swung in a sheet fastened to a pole, that he may obtain medical attention; one trunk was taken; there has been no discovery made as yet of the perpetrators of the crime. Several trunks have been lost and others misappropriated—some have been found empty near the city. It is supposed by many, that a false owner of a trunk would step up to a native that would be carrying it into the city, late in the evening, and claim the trunk as his own; pay the native for carrying it; take it into possession; rifle it that night of its contents; then throw it away.

Those that meet with misfortunes and compelled to stay here and make a living by labor, most of them we have reason to believe will be fortunate indeed. Provisions is dear and the climate far different from the temperate zones. The sunshine is so hot and the bleak winds of night so cool, that it produces so many ultimate changes, that the very fewest constitutions is able to withstand the changes of climate long; even the natives raised under its influences, we find are much subjected to excessive colds, diarrhoeas, &c. Emigrants very rarely escape those diseases; and if they do, fever is apt to ensue. Most of the emigrants that have died on the Isthmus, has been with fever.

I will now give a small statement of the current market prices here, altho' they have risen more than double within four months, as the emigration has increased so rapidly.

Corn, per bushel,	\$4
Rice, per do	5 50
Corn meal, do	5 25
Flour, per barrel,	16
Sea biscuit, per 100 lbs,	20
Pickled pork, per do	29
Bacon hams, per do	37 50
Fresh pork, per lb	18
Fresh beef, per lb	10
Molasses, per gal,	50
Onions, per lb	15
Eggs, per doz,	20
Quicksilver, per lb,	3
Asafoetida, per ounce,	1

Dear sirs, I now confess my inability to give you a full description of Roman Catholicism in this city. In former days, as at present, we learn there is no